

## Jas. S. Wilson & Bro.

Bank Row, North Side  
Court House.

### Vehicle Talk:

There is not a more complete or handsome stock of vehicles of every description in Kentucky than we are offering for your inspection now. It comprises everything, in the most liberal sense of the word. We wish all special attention to our stock of DEPOT WAGONS, OPEN WAGONS and STANHOPEES. It will pay you to call and inspect them.

### Rubber Tires:

In this advanced age no vehicle is complete without RUBBER TIRES. We have the latest improved machines for putting on the Hartford and Goodyear 2-Wire tire. No more coming off. Riding will be made a comfort to you and your vehicle will last twice as long. Come in and investigate.

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All the best makes, such as STUDEBAKER, CHEVROLET, OWENSBORO and OLDS.

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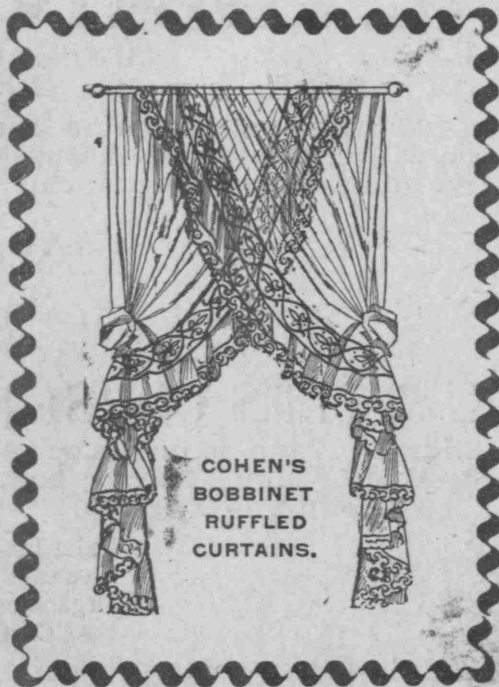
This department is stocked. You can find everything that the farmer needs in this line. Vulcan Plows, Deering Harvesters, Etc. And we want to call your special attention to the Tornado Disc Harrow; there is no better harrow on the market.

### Field Seeds:

You need look no further for anything you need in the seed line. Just tell us what you want and we have it. We have also Seed Sowers of every make.

## J. S. WILSON & BRO.

### THERE IS NOTHING



COHEN'S  
BOBBINET  
RUFFLED  
CURTAINS.

THAT YOU CAN PUT IN YOUR HOUSE THAT WILL  
ADD TO ITS APPEARANCE AND FRESHEN  
IT UP AS MUCH AS NICE, NEW

## Lace Curtains.

And did you know that I am showing the largest and most complete and cheapest line ever brought to Paris. All the new things, New ideas in hanging. Come in and inspect the line. It will cost you nothing to look.

Also New Line of Oriental Draperies! New Wall Paper and Carpets.

## J. T. HINTON.

### PROTEGEE OF LINCOLN.

Sad Condition of Mother Ferguson, Famous War Nurse.

### PENNYLESS AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY

Now She Is Alone and Destitute, Living on the Charity of Friends. Cared for Soldiers in One Hundred and Forty-five Battles—Her War Recollections.

While there is a God and an American country you shall never starve. President Lincoln to Mother Ferguson. She nursed a thousand soldiers during the civil war. She was in 145 battles. Great generals did her honor. They called her "mother of Lincoln's army." Now, broken, helpless with age, Mother Ferguson is living alone in a shabby attic, destitute and penniless at 80, dependent on the charity of a few old friends, all poor themselves. Through a blur of tears she sat the other night fumbling a ticket to the annual G. A. R. excursion when a New York World reporter found her.

"I've never missed one yet," she said brokenly. "I can't bear to think of missing this. I won't miss it. I'll go if I have to go barefoot."

She was alone but for her Catholic prayer book. She lives on the top floor of the frame house at 315 Seventh street, Brooklyn. Pinned on the faded mantle which she wore was an old tin type of Lincoln, and about it an ancient miniature flag.

"I've worn it ever since Mr. Lincoln was assassinated," she said. "That pin is a veteran's pin. You see, I'm a vet." The old woman smiled wanly. Her hair is white and her face lined with wrinkles. She is bent with years. Her face is one of mingled gentleness and strength. The nose is Roman, and its contour shows great strength. The chin is firm and full of determination, and the eye, although now dim with years, is one of wondrous fire when she talks of her battles. Mother Ferguson is not unlike Clara Barton in appearance.

"Oh, I was a great old woman until these last three years," she said sadly. "They all knew me, the generals as well as the boys, and they tipped their hats to me as fine as you ever saw. But now I can't get around any more. My son is ill somewhere, and my daughter is out in California. So I have to look after myself."

"I can't miss the vet's excursion—I won't. But look at those shoes. They are pretty bad, aren't they? And the old woman smiled bitterly again. "I'm away off over here in Brooklyn. The old friends don't know where I am, and I can't get around to see them, else I know it would be all right. All I have to look forward to is meeting the soldiers."

Mother Ferguson is deaf and coughs constantly. She told her story with many breaks to the reporter. She wore an old gown open at the throat and sat in a chair which G. A. R. women months ago had made easy with pillows.

"I was in the war from first to last," she said. "I was at Bull Run, and I was at Appomattox. I don't know how old I am. I guess it's 75 or 80. My husband—he died these 30 years—joined the First New York cavalry. I remember the day just like yesterday. They were recruited up at 705 Broadway, and it was the very first cavalry company they organized for the Union side. President Lincoln christened it himself, and after that they always called it Lincoln's cavalry."

"We went first to Washington. Oh, those were times! The streets were alive those days. The very air was thrilling with fight. I slept in the house where Colonel Ellsworth—Ellsworth of the zouaves—was staying. He was killed a few days later. I had gone along with the cavalry as a nurse. I wouldn't stay behind, though my husband begged me hard enough. I knew the poor fellows would need somebody to nurse them before the awful war was over, and I was strong then."

"Ah, sir, few eyes have seen what these have. I was with McClellan and Kearny and Franklin and Sheridan and Hunter and Porter and the rest of them. I was at Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Fair Oaks, Chancellorsville, Piedmont and in the seven days' fighting at Gettysburg."

"Gettysburg! Oh, never was there such fighting as there! I have seen much, but nothing like Gettysburg. The old woman put up her hands as if to shut out the vision. "And I was with Sheridan in his raids up the valley—yes, with Sheridan twice over. Phil! There was the boy!"

"It was at Harpersburg's Landing I first saw Lincoln. We had been picked, oh, badly. I think he came down there to find out how many of his hadn't been killed. They were all there—the big generals and Lincoln—and they introduced me to him and told him what I had been doing. They said he had been with his cavalry right through and that I had nursed the wounded and cared for them. 'She's the mother of the cavalry,' they told him. And I was so proud as he stood there looking at me kindly."

"It's just like he was standing here before me now—so tall, with sunken cheeks and such wonderful eyes, set deep in his head. And how do you like soldiering?" he asked me. 'I would not be satisfied to be anywhere else,' I told him. 'But it's dreadful, the slaughter.' He looked at me and said that as long as there was a God and an American country I would be taken care of. And he shook hands with me again. This old type here looks just as he looked then."

"I was right in the fighting. I just

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature, rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day—it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, the fatal deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Beech's German Syrup kept about your home for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup or any disease of the Throat or Lungs its efficacy is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. Get a sample bottle free from W. T. Brooks, Paris, Ky. Regular size, 75 cents. Get Green's Prize Almanac.

couldn't stay out of it. Once General Fitz John Porter had me taken to the rear. I was right up to the ammunition wagon. I couldn't stay back. When you are in a fight, you don't know you are fighting. You lose sense of that. You see terrible things, and they don't move you. It's just as though your sense of feeling had suddenly gone dead. Around you the guns roar, and you see men fall, their heads off, a limb gone or shattered to pieces by a shell. You were in blood, and you don't feel it. After the first flush of it is over you lose sight of everything almost."

"Many of the New York soldiers I helped in the war. There were the Sixty-ninth, the Irish boys, and Corcoran's brigade. They passed us at Harrison's Landing, and I made coffee for some of the wounded of the Sixty-ninth. And I buried some of the Twenty-first New York boys at Piedmont. "Once when I came home on a furlough I took back with me to Martinsburg, Va., 21 recruits for our regiment. I had enlisted stripes on my arm, then, and they came along willingly and politely enough, those recruits. I was always sorry for the young recruits and helped them, for I felt like a veteran after awhile. "Some new young fellows of the Twenty-first got into trouble and were tied up with their arms above their heads. The poor fellows, I knew, were fresh and I pitied them. I took a big carving knife and set them free. The officers raised a big row and all the other fellows gathered round and yelled. If they insisted on doing anything about it. "Ah, that was a real war. I'm proud of what I did, and there's nothing I love better than the old soldiers. I kept the old day when I read that General Fitz John Porter was dead. He was a grand man, for all they used to say of him. I wanted to get over to Jersey to his funeral, but I could not do so. I am too old and too rheumatic to get about much now. "Yes, it's lonely here now and I have a hard time getting on, for I can't work. I made my own living for 15 years, but these last four years my health has seemed to fail and I am not the same. But I get along somehow. Mr. Bourke Cockran tried to get me a pension, but it didn't go through. It is lying up there in Washington now. The ladies of the G. A. R. came around to see me before I moved here and were very kind."

"Mother Ferguson smiled bravely. In spite of her age, her ill health and poverty she still determined to go on the annual G. A. R. excursion. "I want to see the boys once more," she said. "It may be the last time. I'm very old."

### TURKEY WITH PARTRIDGE.

Owner of Gobbler Found Them In Woods Sitting on Some Eggs.

A peculiar and unprecedented friendship has been found to exist between a turkey and a partridge near Monticello, says the New York Sun. Herm Cooney, who resides on the shores of Silver Lake, has a small flock of turkeys, of which he is justly proud. The quack of the flock is especially liked by the owner, and he always proved a perfect domestic model, but for some days she has been acting strangely, leaving home in the morning and not returning until late in the afternoon. Affairs grew gradually worse until finally reached the climax when she did not return home at night.

Mr. Cooney, noticing the absence of his prize turkey, organized a searching party composed of himself and Patrick Callery and started out to search the woods. The search had progressed for some time when they discovered the missing turkey, and by its side was a large partridge. The two were covered in a large nest and seemed perfectly contented. They were scared off, and 12 partridge eggs and nearly as many turkey eggs were found in the nest. If the partnership between the turkey and partridge continues to be agreeable, Mr. Cooney intends doing an extensive business in partridge and turkey-raising next year.

### ROOF PLAYGROUNDS.

Novel Features of Those Used in New York.

In New York they are now using the roofs of school buildings as playgrounds. The following description is from an article in the June Woman's Home Companion: "The roof, which is reached by a wide doorway, is solidly floored with brick and is surrounded by a wall six feet in height. It has a roof of wire netting supported by a framework of iron girders. This is 13 feet above the wall, and is meant to prevent missiles being thrown into the streets. The wire is strong, but is so light that the air and sunshine are freely admitted. The roof has an area of nearly 900 square feet. One end is protected by a canvas awning and is furnished with chairs and benches. The rest of the space is for games and plays. The chess board is as large as possible, and all recreation is taken there, as a matter of course. Outside of school hours the playground is open to all children, and in the evening the fathers and mothers are invited."

### Machine That Tests Mental Ability.

Dr. Carl E. Seashore of the University of Iowa has invented a testing machine called the "psychograph," which he says will be of special value to employers who desire to determine the relative brightness and ability of applicants for positions. The original model was used to study the school children of Iowa City and was remarkably successful in its workings, picking out the brightest pupils, the dull and the nervous ones, says the New York Sun. Since the test the instrument has been remodeled and much improved.

### Low Rates Queen & Crescent Route.

Low rates are announced for the following named occasions, via the Queen & Crescent Route: May 15-17th. Medical Society of Ky., Louisville, May 22-24th. Nat. Ass'n Credit Men, Cleveland, June 12-13th. American Ass'n Nursesman, Niagara Falls, June 12-14th. Nat. Electric Med. Ass'n Chattanooga, June 18-20th. Kappa Alpha Convention, Richmond, Va., June 25-28th. Conference, Epworth League, Harpman, Tenn., April 18-19. Ask Ticket Agents for particulars.

### Bridge Whist.

The Passenger Department of the C. & D. Ry. has just issued a beautiful set of rules on "Bridge Whist," which will be mailed on request. Enclose two cent stamp. "Bridge Whist Advertising Department" C. & D. Ry., Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Eczema and Skin Eruptions.

Romick's Eczema Cure and Romick's Pimple Blood Tonic will cure the most obstinate cases. At W. T. Brooks, 14

### HOW BIG SEA TURTLES FEED

Take Big Balls of Grass Out to Sea and Eat While Swimming.

When the great sea turtles naturally was very curious to know just what kind of terrapin are caught in these waters, for the dish is one much sought after by epicures and forms part of the menu for every first class hotel on the coast. I was told that none is caught about here, but was invited to a sea turtle hunt. Let the reader imagine a turtle weighing all the way from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds, and not long ago one was turned over on the beach near Miami that weighed more than 1,000 pounds. Of course I am giving the largest weight, for the average weight of those caught along the coast is about 500 pounds. After they are caught the turtles are kept for a long time, their captors feeding them on cabbage, lettuce, turnips, carrots and sea grasses.

The study of this monster shellfish is a most interesting one. In order to get rid of the parasites that cling to their shells they often enter fresh streams to enjoy a bath, but they are extremely timid and take fright at the least noise. The hunter knows, however, that the turtle feeds in brackish streams where the tide falls rather low and where the turtle grass grows in greatest profusion. The turtles cut great quantities of this grass and then roll it into a ball, cementing it as they roll it with the clay in which the grass grows, and in this way, when they have managed to amass a goodly supply of provisions, they wait for high tide and start away seaward, feeding as they float.

The professional hunters are quick to detect these balls, and just the moment they do so they set their selves and send their peggers, as the men are called, in and out of feeding shells. Men are not the only enemies the turtles have, however, for bears, raccoons and other animals native to Florida destroy great numbers of them.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Cor. Baltimore American.

### UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

An Expensive Adventure of a Parisian. Romieu, the famous Parisian wit, was one day caught in a shower and forced to seek refuge in a doorway of the Opera House. It was 6 o'clock already, and he had an engagement in the city for that very hour. The rain fell in torrents. There was no carriage to be had. He had no umbrella. What was to be done? While he was lamenting his bad luck a gentleman with a large umbrella passed by. Romieu was seized with a sudden inspiration. He rushed out and grasped the stranger by the arm and gravely installed himself under the protecting umbrella.

"I am overjoyed to see you," he immediately began. "I have been looking for you for two weeks. I wanted to tell you about Clementine." Without giving the stranger time to express his surprise Romieu rattled away with gossip and anecdote until he had led the unknown companion to the door of the Cafe de Paris. Then he glanced at him with a face of well feigned astonishment. "Pardon, monsieur," he cried. "It seems I am mistaken." "I believe so," said the stranger. "Good gracious!" added Romieu. "Be discreet. Don't repeat what I have told you."

"I promise you." "A thousand pardons!" Romieu hastened within the cafe and amid great laughter told the adventure to his friends. Suddenly one of them said: "Your cravat is rumpled." Romieu put his hand to his neck and turned pale. His pin, a valuable sapphire, was gone. On further examination his pocket watch was found to be gone. The man with the umbrella was a pickpocket.—London Tit-Bits.

### The Opal Superstition.

There is one superstition of wide range and importance that is directed against one of the most beautiful objects in nature, the opal. A man in my town failed in business, and what do you think he did? Took his opal ring into the yard and smashed it to pieces with a hammer. He said his bankruptcy to that opal, and he intended neither to suffer such misfortune again nor to allow any other one to do so by inheriting or buying that ill starred property. One of the most amusing instances of a trust in wrong things is reported from New York, where a man took an opal to a jeweler and asked him to sell it, as he had had nothing but bad luck since he owned it. His business ventures having failed, his children having suffered illness and the old scratch having been to pay generally. The jeweler found the gem to have been an imitation. Its falsity must have been obvious to everybody except the victim, because the opal is the stone that has never been even passably imitated.—New Lippincott.

### His Emancipation.

Away back in 1771 Josiah Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., thus published his happy emancipation from matrimonial woes: "REVEALED, Sept. 16, 1771. Ran away from Josiah Woodbury, cooper, his bad phage for seven long years, Maudy Old Moll, alias Trial of Vengeance. He that lost will never seek her; he that shall keep her I will give two Bushel of Beans. I forewarn all Persons in Town or County from trusting said Trial of Vengeance. I have have all the old (old) I can find for joy, and all my neighbors rejoice with me. A good Biddance of bad Wares. Amen! JOSIAH WOODBURY."

### It Yielded.

First Physician—Did old Conpon's case yield to your treatment? Second Physician—It did. I treated it for six months, and it yielded something like a hundred guineas.—London Fun.

### My Agency Increases against fire, wind and storm—best aid, reliable prompt paying companies—non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agt.

### SPRINKLING WAGONS.

The Modern One a Big Improvement on the Old Style.

The modern sprinkling wagon is very different from the old timer. The chief improvement is in the spray head, which enables the driver to control the flow of water much better than the old style. Thus, whether it is a dirt or a macadam road or a stone paved or asphalted street, there can be supplied from the modern street sprinkler just the amount of water required to lay the dust in it without waste. The spray head on each side has its own valve rod running to the driver's seat, with a step there for the foot. The driver can operate both heads at once, or he can run only one head. He can shut off one or open either one at pleasure. With this sort of wagon the expert driver leaves behind him dry crosswalks with perfectly defined limits, and when he comes to a carriage or a street car upon which he doesn't want to throw water he shuts off the flow on that side and keeps the other going. Sprinkling wagons are made in various sizes, ranging from 150 gallons to 1,000 gallons capacity. There are 20 sprinkling wagons sold in this country nowadays where there were one sold only a few years ago. This great increase in their use is due in large measure to sanitary reasons, to the great extension of good roads and to the common desire for comfort. Sprinkling wagons are used nowadays commonly in many smaller towns and villages where they were never thought of some years ago. And American sprinkling wagons are now found all over the world wherever sprinkling wagons are used. They are exported to Australia, Cuba, Porto Rico, South America, South Africa and Europe. The modern sprinkling wagon, that the traveler chances to see in Paris or Berlin or Hamburg came very likely from the same factory as the one he saw here before he left going through his own home street.—New York Sun.

### BATH OF THE ORANGE.

The Fruit Needs Much Grooming Before It Is Ready For Market.

Fresh from the tree an orange is still very much alive, with the oil cells expanded and the mystery of growth not yet suspended. Cut off from the sap supply, a change takes place. The skin draws closer to the pulp and gives off moisture that would cause sweating if the fruit were packed at once. But first these dust stained travelers must have a bath. By the bushel, if only this were the land of the good old bushel basket, the newcomers are dumped into a long, narrow tank of water at one end of which is a big wheel with a tire of soft bristles. The wheel revolves so that the lower edge works in connection with another set of brushes in a small tank below, and the oranges, after bobbing about in the big tank, pass between the wet brushes and come out bright and clean.

This washer is a neat machine and does away with the most primitive yet picturesque method of hand washing. The oranges are then packed in boxes, which are then packed in the big tank, pass between the wet brushes and come out bright and clean.

An orange needs a deal of grooming. It would seem, before it is ready for market. The washing was not enough. There must be a brushing too. And after the days of curing the oranges are fed into a hopper which drops them single file on to a belt that runs between revolving cylindrical brushes, this for a smooth, shiny look.—Los Angeles Herald.

### How Piccadilly Was Named.

It's curious how the names of towns and streets come from something that has been the fashion of the day. Who knows where the word "Piccadilly" originated from, the name of that wonderful street of which it is written that "some make love and some make poetry in Piccadilly"? The street was built by a tailor named Higgins, whose fortune was made in a kind of collar called Piccadilly or Piccadill or Piccadille, which was worn by all the beaux of the day. Of course it is not meant that the street as it stands today was built by him, but he erected a few houses to which he gave the name the street now bears.

### A Thoroughbred.

Don't be a thoroughbred. A thoroughbred is well enough in cattle and hogs, but very disgusting among men, for the reason that among men a thoroughbred means a man who devotes too much time to having fun, to being a good fellow. Make a specialty of reliability, industry, fairness. Make your specialty a worthy one. Instead of seeing how late you can stay out at night go to bed at regular hours. Sleep will do you more good than a good time. There is no better man than a good citizen, the good husband, the good father, the good son. A thoroughbred is never noted in these directions.—Aitchison Globe.

### Made a Bad Matter Worse.

The honeymoon was over, and they were comfortably settled in their snug little home. The husband, returning from business, was grieved to find his little wife crying bitterly. "Oh, George," she sobbed, "a dreadful thing has happened! I had made you a beautiful pie all by myself, and I'do went and ate it."

"Well, never mind, my dear," he said cheerfully. "We can easily afford another dog."—Exchange.

### Notice To Our Customers.

There is a current report to the effect that I have quit business, which is not the case. We still carry on business at the old stand in the rear of the Court house. Any one wishing a first-class job made to order we will be pleased to make for them.

Anyone buying a catalogue job we can furnish the price when broken or make new ones.

### J. W. HOLMISTAD CARBIDE CO.

P. S.—We furnish the best rubber tires that are put on, at reasonable prices.



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